
Title: Battered Sketchbook

Author: Jessie

If anyone should find this,
leave it for me at the
Wayfarer's Inn in East
Britain.

-Jessica Prince

A thin, casually dressed
man with wavy, shoulder
length brown hair sits on
a park bench, legs
crossed, looking through
amethyst glasses at an
arcane textbook resting
on his lap. "Valen."

A pale, wrinkled,
elderly man in black
robes, sitting at a table
on a cluttered rooftop.

Lines and creases cover
his face, his lips, cracked
and dry. He stares off,
detached. "Malik."

A ruined keep, worn down
by the ages, sits on the
edge of a bay. The sun
sets behind the weathered
tower, and the faint
outline of a man gazes
out from the shadow of
a window.

A woodland campsite,
walled on all sides with
spiked wooden palisades, a
short tower poking up
from the rear corner.

Three logs rest about a
fire, and two figures
share a bottle of liquor.

A woman rolls dice
against four men. Two of
the men seem depressed,
the other two amused,
and the woman looks very
content with herself. A
red shirt lies neatly
folded in her lap.

A tall, slender man
wearing a red shirt and a
bandana stands in a near
empty meeting hall,
shaking hands with two
dark clad visitors. The
male, a scholar, the
woman, a ranger. "Orelen."
A darkly dressed woman
sits on a stool in an
empty theatre, gazing
toward the door with an
expression of longing.
Dark red hair hangs in
curls from her ponytail.
"Cezanne."

A bald, middle aged man
with green eyes and a
knowing smirk drinks with
a white haired woman in
blue. He wears a black
shirt with red sleeves,
and a three stoned ring.
"Itullus Caius."

A strong looking,
blue-garbed man sitting
alone at a bar with a
troubled look on his face.
The hair showing from
under his cap is gray
with age, though still well
maintained. "Malicite."

A young, malnourished girl
with porcelain white skin
and disheveled, brilliant
red hair. She sits in a
pile of hay next to a
fire, the light making her
bright green eyes even
moreso. "Ember."

The brown haired scholar
from the park and the
red haired patron of the
theatre embrace one
another in a moonlit
clearing. The colors used
convey a feeling of
sadness.

A lich with a rune-carved
skull, eyes of blue flame
and a mane of black hair
sits across from the
dark clad woman of
earlier pages, the two
sharing an enjoyable
conversation. "Kaelthir."

*written on the back of
the previous page*

"The only undead I
ever found pleasant.

This page and several
after it have been ripped
out. There is one other
sketch on the following
page.

A screaming woman
kneels on a grave in the
woods pouring forth a
fountain of blood. The
clearing around her rages
in flames and twisted
faces stare at her from
the shadows.

35o 57'N, 36o 4'E